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GRAFFITI

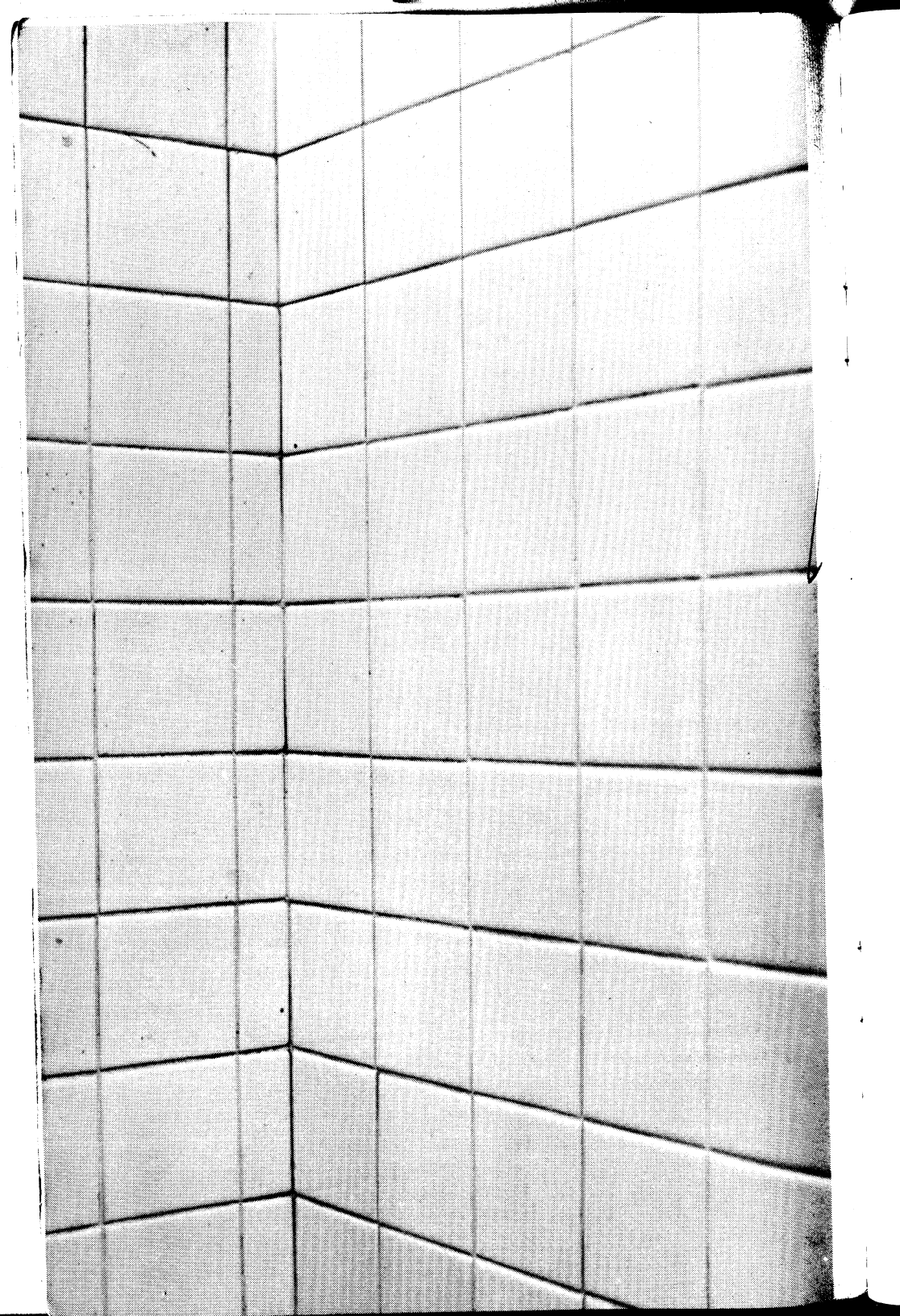
Selected Scrawls From Bathroom Walls

Collected by Robert Reisner

**"Some of the best
prose in America is
graffiti found on
men's-room walls"
— from "Cannibals And
Christians" by
Norman Mailer**

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GRAFFITI



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ACKNOWLEDGMENT

I would especially like to express my gratitude for the work of Dr. Allen Walker Read. My thanks also to Professor William Anders for his help in the German translations, and to Alan Dundee.

Robert Reisner

Other books by Robert Reisner:

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THE LITERATURE OF JAZZ

THE JAZZ TITANS

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THE BRAVE GHOULS

WHAT GOES ON HERE? (WITH BILL ADLER)

WESTERN ON WRY (WITH BILL ADLER)

BOP HUMOR, BEAT JOKES AND COOL CARTOONS

SHOW ME THE GOOD PARTS

BLUE BOOK OF SOCIAL CATS (WITH IGOR CASSINI)

KOSHER KAPTIONS

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Unless otherwise noted, all graffiti are contemporary and from men's rooms. Wherever available, specific sources are indicated in italics below the graffiti.

INTRODUCTION

As the public becomes better informed, graffiti become more literate and wittier. The majority of the scrawls are still the familiar obscenities but mixed in with these are skillful put-downs and delightful jocularities that occur to people when they are occupied with basic functions.

Not very much is known about people who write on walls: it is an anonymous occupation. Graphologists might deduce certain characteristics from the handwriting; the broader conclusions, though, have to be drawn from the messages themselves. But whatever prompts him, the secret scrawler experiences a warm inner glow at the thought of the reactions he arouses—titillation? disgust? amusement?—in those who read his messages.

Writers of erotic graffiti may be highly unrepressed individuals—but more likely, this is not the case. One analyst put it this way, "Wall inscriptions are usually written by men who don't have the courage to have sex. A lot of the writings in women's toilets are done by men who sneak into them. Some were found to be the work of janitors and custodians."

A saloon waitress expressed a similar theory to me: "There's a rough bunch here, but we never had anything on our walls until the executive types discovered we had authentic atmosphere and started to come. Suddenly, the filthiest stuff was on the walls."

Sexual Behavior in the Human Female (The Kinsey Report) considers wall inscriptions important in analyzing basic differences in attitude between males and females: "Relatively few females ever make wall inscriptions. When they do, fewer of the inscriptions are sexual, and only a small proportion of the sexual material seems to be intended to provide erotic stimulation for the inscribers or for the persons who observe the inscriptions."

The report goes on to say that females have a greater regard for moral codes and social conventions, and that they are not erotically aroused by observing sexual action.

Inscriptions most frequently deal with erotic fantasy; they are in fact wish-fulfillment messages. The writers here are exposing their unsatisfied sexual desires.

The report continues: "It is notable that the wall inscriptions in male toilets are concerned with male genitalia more often than they are concerned with female genitalia or functions. This, at first glance, makes them appear homosexual, but we are not ready to accept this interpretation. It is possible that homosexual males are more inclined because they may be aroused in making such inscriptions and because they anticipate how other males will react upon seeing them. The heterosexual male has no such incentive, since he knows that no female will see his writing. But we are inclined to believe that many of the inscriptions that deal with male anatomy and male functions are made by males who are not conscious of homosexual reactions and who may not have had overt homosexual experience, but who, nevertheless, may be interested in male anatomy and male functions as elements which enter into heterosexual activity."

In addition to these theories there are other explanations. Boredom and empty walls present a challenge and invite thoughts.

Sex does not account for all the writing. There are hate messages, and sub-rosa political opinions as well as messages dealing with philosophy, psychology and sociology.

Since the last war people have become a great deal more sophisticated. Fewer people find kicks in scrawling a taboo word on a wall. We are more open in discussing sex in movies, plays, and TV forums. With the relaxing of censorship and the frequent use of obscenity in literature and the theatre, the shock value of the naughty words is considerably vitiated.

In the study of a society the humblest evidence can be significant. And what can be humbler than the writings on toilet walls? Washing my hands in countless lavatories in the course of my research, I am saddened by the thought that a vast fund of original humor is being washed away by zealous cleaning people every day. We should establish a society of serious scholars and give them the funds so that field trips can be made into the toilets of the world. Who knows what precious quips may be found in the *pissoirs* of Paris or the water closets of the Watusi?

As far back as 79 A.D., inscriptions were left for posterity when catastrophe hit the city of Pompeii, encasing it in molten lava. Translated, they turn out to be the same type of crude sentiments we all have seen at one time or another. The book which was a first in the semantic analysis of toilet-wall writing was begun in 1927

by Allen Walker Read, who is now a professor at Columbia University. When a young man, he went with his parents on a trip to the Far West and Canada. He showed a precocious aptitude for his field, philology, by realizing that in the lavatories of the West were epigraphical nuggets worthy of scientific observation. Concerning the peculiar province of his work he has stated, "A sociologist does not refuse to study certain criminals on the ground that they are too perverted or too dastardly; surely, a student of language is even less warranted in refusing to consider certain four-letter words because they are too 'nasty' or too 'dirty.'" This statement is from the brilliant introduction on the nature of obscenity in his book, *Lexical Evidence from Folk Epigraphy in Western North America, a Glossarial Study of the Low Element in the English Language*. The book contains *verbatim*, the messages found in a good many Western and Canadian privies. Not much humor appears in Dr. Read's findings in the far-outhouse West, but the boldness of the vocabulary is softened by the valid scientific data presented, e.g. the place and date of the finding and some philological history.

Professor Read wrote of what he terms the "inverted taboo." A group of words are to be adjudged by the "virtuous" as "obscenity symbols" and are to be avoided. The young are to be cautioned against using them. Allen Walker Read continues, "If a word is never spoken, would it not soon be forgotten? At least would not a new generation be unaware of it? But here we come to a quirk in human psychology. Instead of responding to the taboo in the normal fashion, by avoiding such words, some people respond to it by a redoubled use of the words. They wish to feel the thrill of doing the forbidden. This is not the breaking of the taboo, but an observance of the taboo in a manner contrary to the normal. It may be called 'inverted taboo.'"

If we faced up to these taboo words boldly, if we were not ashamed of the natural bodily functions of elimination and intercourse, what then? The obscene words would probably lose all force. It has been pointed out that during the war the dirtiest four-letter word was appended to everything, and soon its omission became more meaningful than its use. The soldiers were so used to the sergeant's saying, "Get your f----- rifles," that when he said, "Get your rifles," they knew there was something urgent.

Higher education is beginning to recognize the terrific impulse people have to write on walls. New York University recently installed a blackboard in one of its men's rooms so that students could write messages on it without defacing the walls. Another little indication is to be found in an ad in the New York subways: a beer company left half of its posters blank, inviting all who could hold their beer to sign. It was an open invitation to obscenity.

An element of toilet-wall humor comes not from the inscriptions

themselves but from the bizarrely magnified situations that can result. For example:

In the men's room on the ninth floor of the American Telephone and Telegraph building at 32 Avenue of the Americas in New York, a daring miscreant was covering the walls with messages and drawings. The company posted guards, but they failed to nab the fellow. A hidden camera was then installed in the air-conditioning duct. The camera clicked every seven seconds, but it just recorded the usual eliminations and cigarette goof-offs.

The clicking caught the attention of several employees. One of them snipped the camera wires. The union representing the employees protested what it considered as "invasion of privacy" and a "lack of ethics." *The New York Times*, on September 25 and 26, 1963, carried the headlines:

UNION PROTESTS HIDDEN CAMERA
CLUE TO WASHROOM VANDAL
SOUGHT BY AT&T

PHONE STRIKE VOTED IF CAMERA
RETURNS TO MEN'S WASHROOM

The company stated that the scrawls must have been the work of a perverted mind, and they hoped to catch the culprit by means of the camera. They were sure he would return to finish a huge incomplete drawing. After a day of negotiation it was deemed wiser to let the vandal escape than have a company walkout. The serious aspect of this incident is that the walls of the bathroom were washed.

Attitudes toward wall writing vary greatly. At one time it was almost entirely frowned upon, but now the reputations of some places are enhanced by underground tip-offs that there are amusing comments in the rest room. In many spots the fight against the scrawler goes on. There are the tile walls where I have seen tiny messages written on the cement filler between the tiles. Other places paint their walls black or use a drip paint effect. The in-between approach is seen when the establishment provides its own wall decorations to amuse and deflect the patron from contributing any ideas of his own.

The graffiti in this book have been gathered in three ways. Personal investigation of rest rooms in the New York City area and environs—from subway stations to the most expensive hotels and night clubs. The second source consisted of letters from many parts of North America and Europe, in which there was a good deal of repetition. Third are the secondary source materials, books and periodicals. The most interesting item was a book published in

London in 1731, *The Merry-Thought; or, the Glass-Window and Bog-House Miscellany*, printed for J. Roberts and published by a man with the jolly name of Hurlo Thrumbo. The volume, issued in four parts, is a collection of writings on drinking glasses, windows and bog-houses (toilets), which were gathered in quite the same way I have gotten my material. It is then perhaps not too unfitting to use the same dedication.

DEDICATION

TO THE

Honourable and Worthy Authors
of the following Curious Pieces.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

WOULD it not be great Pity, that the profound Learning and Wit of so many illustrious Personages, who have favoured the Publick with their Lucubrations in Diamond Characters upon Drinking-Glasses, on Windows, on Walls, and in Bog-houses, should be lost to the World? Consider only, Gentlemen and Ladies, how many Accidents might rob us of these sparkling Pieces, if the industrious Care of the Collector had not taken this Way of preserving them, and handing them to Posterity. In the first Place, some careless Drawer breaks the Drinking-Glasses inscribed to the Beauties of our Age; a furious Mob at an Election breaks the Windows of a contrary Party; and a cleanly Landlord must have, forsooth, his Rooms new painted and white-wash'd every now and then, without regarding in the least the Wit and Learning he is obliterating, or the worthy Authors, any more than when he shall have their Company: But I may venture to say, That good Things are not always respected as they ought to be: The People of the World will sometimes overlook a Jewel, to avoid a T—d, though the Proverb says, Sh-tt-n Luck is good Luck. Nay, I have even found some of the Spectator's Works in a Bog-house, Companions with Pocky-Bills and Fortune-telling Advertisements; but now, as Dr. R — ff

said, You shall live; and I dare venture to affirm, no Body shall pretend to use any of your bright Compositions for Burn-Fodder, but those who pay for them. I am not in this like many other Publishers, who make the Works of other People their own, without acknowledging the Piracy they are guilty of, or so much as paying the least Complement to the Authors of their Wisdom: No, Gentlemen and Ladies, I am not the Daw in the Fable, that would vaunt and strut in your Plumes. And besides, I know very well you might have me upon the Hank according to Law, and treat me as a Highwayman or Robber; for you might safely swear upon your Honours, that I had stole the whole Book from your recreative Minutes: But I am more generous; I am what you may call Frank and Free; I acknowledge them to be YOURS, and now publish them to perpetuate the Memory of your Honours Wit and Learning: But as every one must have something of Self in him, I am violently flattered, that my Character will shine like the Diamonds you wrote with, under your exalted Protection, to the End of Time. I am not like your common Dedicators, who sling out their Flourishes for the sake of a Purse of Guineas on their Dedicatees; No, Gentlemen and Ladies, all I desire is, that you will receive this kindly, though I have not put Cuts to it, and communicate what sublime Thoughts you my chance to meet with to the Publisher, J. Roberts, in Warwick-Lane; Post paid, for

Your Most Humble,

Most Obedient,

Most Obsequious,

Most Devoted,

And Most Faithful Servant,

HURLO THRUMBO

WITCHAMONGERS
BURN BABY BURN
BURN BABY BURN
BURN BABY BURN

THE TRUTH
WITHIN
THE
SAUCER



THE RESURGENCE

SARCASM AND CYNICISM

This group makes it seem worthwhile to have encountered innumerable repetitions of "John Loves Mary" and " ! # \$ % & * + ! " Many of these graffiti comment on news events or reflect current trends. Many are actually angry statements, but take the form of "black humor"; they take our serious social problems and reduce them to absurdity.

•
Help stamp out Whooping Cranes.

•
War is good business — invest your sons.
Harvard, Lamont Library.

•
Now being organized,
the Greenwich Village Heterosexual Club (underground).
Howard Johnson's Restaurant, 8th St. & 6th Ave., N. Y. C., 1965.

•
Make patriotism legal now.

•
What are you looking up here for, the joke is in your hand.

•
Free lunch
*Written over toilet bowl in men's room, Hill Hall Annex,
University of North Carolina campus, Jan. 20, 1959.*

•
Ad Hoc Committee to draft George Hamilton.

•
Bring back the Gallo gang, the gang with a soul.

•
Impotence, where is thy sting?

Occupancy by more than 401 persons is dangerous, unlawful and
somewhat unsanitary. signed Dr. Equi Excrementi Civilis.

•
Lie down, I think I love you.

•
Asian flu for Asians only.

•
We hate all people, regardless of race, creed or color.

•
Save water, bathe with friends.

•
Stamp out Bert Parks.

•
Bring back white slavery.

•
Merry syphilis and a happy gonorrhea.

•
Ladies be seated.

—*Ladies' room.*

•
Syphilis can be fun.

•
They really did it!

•
Help retard children, support public schools.

•
Out of order.

*(Found written on a mirror in a saloon toilet;
drunk must not have liked his image.)*

•
Call again and bring your butterfly net.

•
Ban the bomb, save the world for conventional warfare.

•
Stamp out mental health.

•
Support mental health or I'll kill you.

The Riviera, West 4th St., Sheridan Sq., N. Y. C.

•
Stamp out reality.

If you're going more often and enjoying it less —
try the men's room.

Ladies' room in New York office building.

•

We are the people our parents warned us about.
Engagé Coffeehouse, 339 East 10th St., N. Y. C.

•

Pray for sex.

•

Kill a Commie for Christ.
*Subway station men's room; also appears on buttons and was heard
on a WBAI broadcast as part of a comic routine
by Burns and Schriber.*

•

Legalize necrophilia.

•

I yawned here.
Ladies' room, Schrafft's Restaurant, N. Y. C.

•

Welcome to the Wrinkle Room.
The Pilgrim Restaurant, 49 East 10th St., N. Y. C.

•

Up the Crown!! There will always be an England.
UNDERNEATH:
As long as there's a Fort Knox.
Limelight Restaurant, 91 Seventh Ave. South, N. Y. C.

•

For V.D. cases only!
In a stall in Madison High School, Brooklyn, 1953

•

Down with graffiti.
UNDERNEATH:
Yeah, down with all Italians.
Chumley's Restaurant, 86 Bedford St., N. Y. C.

•

Santini is a book burner. (This was written when owner
Ray Santini had his restaurant's john walls painted.)
Chumley's Restaurant, 86 Bedford St., N. Y. C.

Is your kitchen as clean as this?
Found in a filthy washroom in a Springfield, Mass. cafeteria.

Patrons are forbidden to leave seat while bowels are in motion.
*Yosemite National Park, California. July 11, 1928.**

It's no use to stand up because the crabs in this can can jump 3 feet.
*Yosemite National Park, California, July 11, 1928.**

Little drops of water
upon the toilet floor
uses lots of elbow grease
and makes the porter sore

So now kind friends remember
before the water flows
please adjust the distance
according to your hose.

*Madison River Camp, Yellowstone National Park, August 10, 1928**

Butterfly has wings of gold,
Moths have wings of flame
Toilet crabs have no wings at all,
But they got here just the same.

I think that people who write in latrine stalls
are immature and troubled and need psychological treatment.

The sign "Employees must wash hands before leaving" was changed
to: "No one must wash hands before leaving, do it after!!"
Gitlitz's Delicatessen, N. Y. C.

The graffiti in the men's room is better.
Ladies' room, Lion's Head, 59 Christopher St., N. Y. C.

You can't whitewash everything.
Max's Kansas City Restaurant, 213 Park Ave. South, N. Y. C.

Do not write on walls!
UNDERNEATH:
You want we should type maybe?
Forum Coffee House, Ave. A, N. Y. C.

*Allen Walker Read, *Lexical Evidence from Folk Epigraphy* (Paris, 1935)

WRITTEN HIGH ON A WALL AND SIDEWAYS:
While you are reading this you are peeing on the guy next to you.

Don't be a star, use both hands.

Stand close, don't flatter yourself.

Do not throw cigarettes in the urinal as they
become soggy and hard to light.

In case of air raid, duck under urinal, it hasn't been hit yet.

Remember the Maine,
To hell with Spain,
Don't forget to pull the chain.
*Recalled as a popular toilet-wall inscription during and
several years after the Spanish-American War.*

This little place we call our own
And try to keep it neat
So please be kind with your behind
And don't _____ on the seat

OTHER HANDWRITING:

And damn your soul
Shit down the hole
And not upon the seat

*Tejon Camp, near Tejon Pass, California. July 3, 1932.**

Don't forget to pull the chain for Waterloo needs the water.
*Electric Park, Waterloo, Iowa, September 9, 1932.**

Please flush the toilet, Regina needs the water!
From a biffy in Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan.

Flush hard, Tucson needs the water!
Phoenix restaurant.

Flush hard, it's a long way to the kitchen.
Phoenix restaurant.

*Allen Walker Read, *Lexical Evidence from Folk Epigraphy* (Paris, 1935)

The future of America is in your hands.

•
Hier begreift jeder sein Ende. Here everyone grasps his end.
(Breslau)

Anthropophyteia, vol. 5, 1908.

•
The Marine Corps thanks the USAF.

REPLY:

Your welcome, jarhead.

Vietnam, 1966

•
Support mental health like Crazy!

•
Help retarded children or I'll kill you.

•
I love Liam — so does Liam.

Ladies' room, Lion's Head, 59 Christopher St., N. Y. C.

•
I have two of everything. What shall I do with them?

WRITTEN UNDERNEATH:

I should buy some books.

Herald Square, N. Y. C., men's room.

•
Let's legalize vandalism.

•
O God help me I am suffering —

UNDERNEATH:

Sweetheart so am I.

UNDERNEATH:

From what? Everything?

UNDERNEATH:

Who cares.

UNDERNEATH:

We care at A. & P.

Ladies' room, Lion's Head, 59 Christopher St., N. Y. C.

•
A mark of quality is still a mark.
Lion's Head, 59 Christopher St., N. Y. C.

•
And those who write love on walls — Do they really know it?
Old Spaghetti Factory, San Francisco, Calif.

Directions to get to Texas: Go west until you smell shit, that's
Oklahoma. Then, go south until you step in it—that's Texas.
Manchester, New Hampshire, circa 1953.

•

You are now shaking your best friend
And he stood up for you on your wedding night.
Camp Maxey, Paris, Texas, 1945

•

Why did I have a baby?
UNDERNEATH:
It's hereditary.
Ladies' room, Le Metro Caffe Espresso, 149 Second Ave., N. Y. C.

•

Resist the army.

•

THE TOILET AS INSPIRATION

The majority of traditional messages fall into this category.
Many variations of the customary instructions to “stand close”
or “keep the seat clean” are found everywhere. People are trying to
be funny, but, too, underlying the guffaw, some deeper instinct:
we do not mind our own excreta, but the thought of others' makes
us uneasy.

•

Here I sit in stinking vapor
Some sonuvabitch stole the paper.

•

Written underneath sign “Employees must wash hands before
leaving washroom”: Better management should.

Stand up close. The next fellow may be a Southerner
and be barefooted.

Camp Maxey, Paris, Texas, 1945.

•

Kilroy wouldn't dare come in here.

University of North Carolina, Jan. 20, 1959.

•

This little place we call our own
We keep it clean and neat
So please be kind to your behind
And don't dirty up the seat.

•

We aim to please, your aim will help.

•

We aim to please, you aim too please.
The management. P.S. Our janitor can't swim.
University of North Carolina, Jan. 20, 1959.

•

Old rams with short horns please stand up close.
Fort Lewis, Tacoma, Wash., circa 1945.

•

Puritans with short muskets step up to the firing line.
Damiscotta, Maine, circa 1950.

•

Pilgrims with short muskets please stand within firing range.
Toilet in Boston, Mass.

•

Pilots with short engine mounts — please taxi up close.

•

Cuddle up a little closer, it's shorter than you think.

•

Men with short bats stand close to the plate.

•

Don't piddle on the seat, we'd rather you piddle on your feet.
London toilet.

•

If you read this you are not aiming in the right direction.

•

Any lady who believes her mother about clap etc. from toilet seats
should not be in bars.
Ladies' room, "55" Bar, 55 Christopher St., N. Y. C.

Employees must wash walls before leaving.
Ladies' room, Limelight Restaurant, 91 Seventh Ave. South, N. Y. C.

•
WRITTEN NEXT TO THE CHAIN:
Pull for joy.
Paradox Restaurant, 64 East 7th St., N. Y. C.

•
WRITTEN ON EMPTY TOWEL MACHINE:
Pray for towel.
Paradox Restaurant, 64 East 7th St., N. Y. C.

•
Girls:

I promise to support your cause for sex and marijuana, etc., if
you keep the sink clean and throw papers and such in the waste
basket.

Thank you, Le Metro.
Ladies' room, Le Metro Caffè Espresso, 149 2nd Ave., N. Y. C.

•
Stand up close. The next man might have holes in his shoes.

•
If you are reading this you are probably pissing in your left shoe.

UNDERNEATH:
No, my right shoe I'm cross-eyed.
Lion's Head, 59 Christopher St., N. Y. C.

•
Mirror, mirror not on the wall.
Ladies' room, Lion's Head, 59 Christopher St., N. Y. C.

•
If your hose is short and your pump is weak
You better stand close or you'll pee on your feet.

•
Here is the place we all must come
To do the work that must be done
Do it quick and do it neat
But please don't do it on the seat.

•
For those in a hurry with no time to sit
Please lift the lid for a more direct hit.
Ladies' room, Berkeley, Calif., 1963

Don't write on our walls
We don't shit in your notebooks.
— The Regents

UNDERNEATH:

What's found in our notebooks is shit anyway.
— The Students
Main Library, U.C., Berkeley, Calif., 1965

THE INTELLECTUAL TOUCH

This type of graffiti is usually found in the toilets of colleges, and in bistros and coffeehouses in urban areas. One clever line may inspire another, and is the most flattering wall communication because it assumes the reader to have a wide cultural background. If the management is wise, it will not efface the good ones, since they become conversation pieces and advertisements for the place.

Edith Sitwell is a transvestite.

UNDERNEATH:

She's dead, you dope!

UNDERNEATH:

OK. Edith Sitwell is a dead transvestite.
*Chumley's Restaurant, 86 Bedford St., N. Y. C., and also
in ladies' room in lower Manhattan saloon.*

Better to have failed your Wassermann test than
never to have loved at all.
Ladies' room, Limelight Restaurant, 91 Seventh Ave. South, N. Y. C.

Zeus loves Ganymede.
Lion's Head, 59 Christopher St., N. Y. C.

Remember the alum, Moe.
The White Whale, a defunct Greenwich Village coffeehouse.

Who's afraid of Virginia Woolf?
Found by Edward Albee on a toilet wall.

Oedipus was a mater violator.
*Ladies' room, Limelight Restaurant,
91 Seventh Ave. South, N. Y. C., 1965.*

I do believe with all my wit,
That Shakespeare's ghost comes here to shit.
Dover, N.J.: Picatinny Arsenal.

Fuck you, Holden Caulfield.
Rising Moon Cafe, Chicago, 1962.

Twass brillig and the slithy toads got screwed.

IN A SERIES WRITTEN BY DIFFERENT INDIVIDUALS:

Millard Fillmore was the last Pres. born in the 19th century.
(Actually he was the first, being born in January 1800.)

Who was Millard Fillmore?

Millard Fillmore is an Aggie.

Millard Fillmore was a dirty commie rat.

Millard Fillmore is secretly alive and awaiting the call of his
country.

Scholtz's Beer Garden, Austin, Texas.

Leda loves swans.

Goldstein is a neo-classicist.

This is where Napoleon tore his Bonaparte.
Ladies' room.

The heat of the meat is inversely
proportional to angle of the dangle.

Into the valley of death rode the sex hungry.

Up art's jazz.

Buy Pot Art.

Artists are misunderstood. Not by people, but themselves.

Walter Keane eats burnt umber. (Refers to the Keane
paintings of big-eyed children.)
Pier 23, a bar in San Francisco.

Dada saves!
Lion's Head, 59 Christopher St., N. Y. C.

Yamasaki is strictly Shinto Gothic
(*Found in Yale University, written in Japanese; refers to
a piece of architecture on the campus designed by Yamasaki.*)

Art is Love is God.
Engagé Coffee House, 339 East 10th St., N. Y. C.

Hail Priapus!
University of New Mexico, Albuquerque.

Go! go! with Godot.

Lee:
Make it
Grant.

James Baldwin eats watermelon, etc.
University of Southern California, Los Angeles, 1966

Momism is groovy.

Shakespeare eats Bacon.

UNDERNEATH:

It can't be Donne.

Lion's Head, 59 Christopher St., N. Y. C.

•

Socrates eats Hemlock.

Lion's Head, 59 Christopher St., N. Y. C.

•

Alice B. Toklas loves Gertrude Stein.

San Francisco, North Beach toilet.

•

T. S. Elliot loves D. H. Lawrence.

UNDERNEATH:

Eliot is spelled with one l, you ass.

Old O.P.A. building, Washington, D. C.

•

Abramowitz is a neo-classicist.

UNDERNEATH:

Bullshit: He's a fairy.

P. J. Clarke's Bar, Third Avenue and 55th St., N. Y. C.

•

Apollo loves Artemis.

"55" Bar, 55 Christopher St., N. Y. C.

•

Electra loves daddy.

Ladies' room, Ninth Circle Restaurant, 139 West 10th St., N. Y. C.

•

Do you know the John Blow record?

UNDERNEATH:

No, how many times?

(Note: John Blow, c. 1648-1708. English composer and organist chiefly remembered for his church music. Teacher of Henry Purcell.)

•

Marcel Proust is a yenta. (Yenta is a Yiddish word meaning gossip or busybody.)

•

Spinoza eats bagels.

Lion's Head, 59 Christopher St., N. Y. C.

•

Brutus is a hostile ingrate.

Lion's Head, 59 Christopher St., N. Y. C.

Ars Longa, Vita Herring. (Note: Take-off on the 1st aphorism of Hippocrates, "Ars Longa, Vita Brevis" — "Art is long, life is short.")
Lion's Head, 59 Christopher St., N. Y. C.

•
'Tis better to have loved an hermaphrodite — Than never
to have loved at all.
Chumley's Restaurant, 86 Bedford St., N. Y. C.

•
Vidi, vici, veni. (Transposition of Caesar's "I came,
I saw, I conquered.")

•
Veni, vidi, wiwi.
Harvard Club, N. Y. C.

POLITICS

The toilet can be likened to a voting booth: here the secret ballot is cast. Here the people make their personal surveys. Patriotic feelings are sometimes expressed, but the minority, anarchistic, leftist, ultra-conservative and unpopular messages predominate. Opinions are written that are almost never expressed in the mass media.

•
Let's help our boys in Vietnam come ~~home~~.
Lion's Head, 59 Christopher St., N. Y. C.

•
You don't have to be born Chinese to love Ho Chi Minh.

UNDERNEATH:
He's not Chinese either.
Lion's Head, 59 Christopher St., N. Y. C.

Keep Vietnam out of U.S. politics.
The Riviera, West 4th St., Sheridan Sq., N. Y. C.

•
Long live Nassar.

UNDERNEATH:

The only Arab Zionist.
West End Bar & Restaurant, Broadway and 113th St., N. Y. C.

•
Bomb Saigon!

•
U.S. is the more ignorant nation on earth.
The Dom, 23 St. Mark's Place, N. Y. C.

•
The big damn Americans can't beat the small Vietnamese.

•
Nothing is depraved except the gov't. — LBJ
Ladies' room, Le Metro Caffe Espresso, 149 Second Ave., N. Y. C.

•
Unleash Chiang Kai Shek.

•
Escalate the war.

•
Why should the U.S. Gov't fight for fascism in Vietnam?

REPLY:

To fight for the interests of the capitalists.

CONTINUATION:

End the war in Vietnam.

REPLY:

How?

REPLY:

By killing all commies and reactionaries like you.
Bathroom walls at the New School for Social Research, April, 1965.

•
Lindsay is fresh when everyone is polite. (Variant on his campaign slogan, "He is fresh when everyone is tired.")

•
In your heart you know he is far right. (Variant on Goldwater slogan, "In your heart you know he is right.")

Peace is a cool scene.

•

Escalate minds, not war.

•

Lynd not Lyndon.

•

Yankee go home!!
UNDERNEATH:
and take me with you.

•

Yankee go home!
UNDERNEATH:
via Pan Am.

•

The gentry prefer double entry.
The proletariat like to bury it.

•

Vote Premier Ky or else!!
Lion's Head, 59 Christopher St., N. Y. C.

•

Impeach Johnson.

UNDERNEATH:

We already tried it stupid, in the late 19th century.
(Note: On Feb. 24, 1868, the House passed a resolution of
impeachment against President Andrew Johnson. By a narrow
margin, the Senate failed to convict.)

•

I am the rightful heir to President Poke,
yet no one will listen to me.
Café Figaro, 186 Bleecker St., N. Y. C.

•

Fronidizi volvera.

UNDERNEATH:

A mear.

Found in toilet in Buenos Aires, Argentina.

Fronidizi will return.

UNDERNEATH:

To make peace.

Let's win the war!

UNDERNEATH:

Let's win the war, to hell with Hitler!

UNDERNEATH:

The war is over, the hell with everything!

Commuter's Bar, San Francisco, Calif., October, 1945.

•

Take a Viet Cong to lunch this week.

University of Southern California, Los Angeles, 1966.

•

I actively unsupport Bobby Kennedy.

Engagé Coffee House, 339 East 10th St., N. Y. C.

•

America, rich and arrogant, founded on racism and theft.

You'll get yours this summer, 1966

Engagé Coffee House, 339 East 10th St., N. Y. C.

•

Stop murdering the Vietnamese people.

•

All the way with L. B. J.

UNDERNEATH:

Barbecue Lyndon.

•

L. B. J. either way.

Lion's Head, 59 Christopher St., N. Y. C.

•

Dodd is dead.

Men's room, U. S. Senate.

•

Half the way with L. B. J.

•

Lethal-Bird Johnson beware.

Forum Coffee House, Ave. A, N. Y. C.

•

Bourgeois elements must go!

•

Down with the State.

"55" Bar, 55 Christopher St., N. Y. C.

THE GREAT SOCIETY
FUCK
ROBIN HOOD FOR PRESIDENT

LET



L.B.J. for ex-President.

•

Draft beer, not men.

Ladies' room, West End Bar & Restaurant, 2911 Broadway, N. Y. C.

•

Fuck the Great Society.

Lion's Head, 59 Christopher St., N. Y. C.

•

L.B.J. takes trips.

Ladies' room, Le Metro Caffè Espresso, 149 2nd Ave., N. Y. C.

•

Ban the bomb (ADDED) and homework.

•

Urine is goldwater; the only benefit is derived
from the comfort of its removal.

•

Dulles lives.

•

John Birch is politically disoriented.

•

Anarchism now!

Café Figaro, 186 Bleecker St., N. Y. C., 1965

•

Lumumba lives.

•

WRITTEN ON TOILET WALLS IN NAZI GERMANY WHEN GOERING
PROMISED THE PEOPLE MANY THINGS:

Lasst den Mut nicht sinken,

Don't let your courage fail you,

Hängt dem Arsch zum

Stick your ass out of

Fenster raus,

the window.

Zeigt Eier, Wurst und Schinken!

Show eggs, sausage and ham!


RACIAL TROUBLES AND COMMENTARIES

These inscriptions are mainly concerned with sexual jealousies and alleged inadequacies of the races involved. Many deal with the white-woman/Negro-man situation. It is curious to note that the most virulent writings were found in places where there were many integrated couples. There was an atmosphere of great camaraderie among the mixed patrons, in sharp contrast with the hate messages in the rest room. The comments probably are the true feelings which the writer dare not express among the people with whom he associates.

•
Congo coons rape nuns.
Pete's Tavern, 129 East 18th Street, N. Y. C.

•
Bilbo lives on Waverly Place.
Limelight Restaurant, 91 Seventh Ave. South, N. Y. C.

•
BLACK
ass
&
shity
POWER
Lion's Head, 59 Christopher St., N. Y. C.

•

To the showers.
Ninth Circle Restaurant, 139 West 10th St., N. Y. C.

•
Stay seated. This is a Core shit-in.
University library, Berkeley campus, 1964.

•
Juden raus! Jews out!
TO WHICH SOMEONE WROTE UNDERNEATH:
Nazis hierbleiben. Nazis remain here.
Found in toilet during Hitler regime.

LeRoi was here.

UNDERNEATH:

LeRoi Jones eats white ice cream.

Ladies' room, Le Metro Caffe Espresso, 149 2nd Ave., N. Y. C.

•

I am a nigger, at least this is what you have named me,
and that name shall be the death of you white bastards
and bitches. This is an oath not a threat.

The Dom, 23 St. Mark's Place, N. Y. C., 1966.

•

Burn, baby, burn.

Engagé, 339 East 10th St., N. Y. C.

•

Whitey has had it Baby

Why try to blot it out.

REPLY

Face it, Blacky is not too bright!

Limelight Restaurant, 91 Seventh Ave. South, N. Y. C.

•

Be kind to Chuck the spade, he's the official Negro.

Lion's Head, 59 Christopher St., N. Y. C.

•

Be a man, join the Klan.

•

You people are sick, white bastards.

— An Indian.

Ladies' room, Limelight Restaurant, 91 Seventh Ave. South, N. Y. C.

•

Whitey lacks confidence.

Limelight Restaurant, 91 Seventh Avenue South, N. Y. C.

•

Black Power — want a white woman.

I. R. T. subway toilet.

•

Plaid power.

Lion's Head, 59 Christopher St., N. Y. C.

WALL WRITERS ON THEIR CRAFT

Robert Frost wrote about something in nature not liking a wall. There is also something that doesn't like a wall writer. You see notices prohibiting writing even on temporary walls where it would do no harm. Ambivalent though he often seems about the dignity of his particular medium, it pleases me to think that many an anonymous author will see his work given some measure of permanence for the first time, here in print.

•

Everything has its place, even the stupid writings in this cold john, may they never see the daylight. Amen.
Ladies' room, Ninth Circle Restaurant, 139 West 10th St., N. Y. C.

•

A man's ambition must be small to write on a lavatory wall.

•

Hello to all my readers.

•



IN A TOILET WHICH HAD NOTHING BUT OBSCENITIES WRITTEN
ON THE WALL, SOMEONE WROTE:

This is why we may be second to the moon.

•

Join the Graffiti Guild of America.
*Engagé, 339 East 10th St., N. Y. C.,
toilet shared by men and women.*

•

How strange:  and  graffiti.

*Paradox Restaurant, 64 East 7th St., N. Y. C.; toilet
shared by men and women.*

A thing that never should be done at all
Is to write your name on the backhouse wall. (Backhouse: A privy,
an outhouse)

*Kicking Horse Auto Camp, Yoho National Park,
British Columbia, August 2, 1928.**

•

Some people are poor
While others are rich
But a shithouse
Poet is a Son of a Bitch.

*Ogden, Utah, Artesian Park, August 16, 1928.**

•

One would think
By all this writing
That Shakespeare himself
Had been here shiting.

*Ripon, by the cathedral, England. August 11, 1929.**

•

By the funny display of wit
it looks like Shakespeare had
been here to shit.

•

Of all the poets
under the sun the shit house
poet is worse than none
I wish the one that first
wrote in this place
was lying where I could
shit in his face

*Norris Junction Camp, Yellowstone National Park.
August 14, 1928.**

•

Fools names are like their
faces. always seen in
public places.

*El Centro, California, Tourist Park. June 27, 1928.**

*Allen Walker Read, *Lexical Evidence from Folk Epigraphy* (Paris, 1935)

Some people come here to read and write
But I come here to shite and shite.
R. R. station in Galatz, Rumania, 1908.

•

If smell of t—d makes wit to flow,
Laud! what would eating of it do.
*Pancras bog-house.**

•

Don't think everyone who comes in here is clever! Actually the
owners write all this to pretend this is an "IN" bar — Good try!
Lion's Head, 59 Christopher St., N. Y. C.

•

People probably chipped these things on the walls of Egyptian
bathrooms 2000 years ago. So progress is a ball point pen.
The Florentine, a defunct Berkeley coffeehouse.

•

I would have answered sooner but someone
was in this stall for three straight days.
Grumman Aviation toilet, Bethpage, L. I., Aug. 1966.

•

What happened to all the high class graffiti?

UNDERNEATH:

It got read.

UNDERNEATH:

Better read than ded.

*Lion's Head, 59 Christopher St., N. Y. C.; written after
the walls were painted.*

•

My graffiti will fail,
Because my lipstick's so pale.
Ladies' room, Lion's Head, 59 Christopher St., N. Y. C.

* *The Merry-Thought; or, the Glass-Window and Bog-House Miscellany*
(London, 1731)

RELIGIOUS DISBELIEFS

You find sincere religious messages on the toilet wall mainly when someone is trying to counter a mass of obscenities with a pious thought. However, most religious graffiti are *anti*, but take the form of lampoon and sarcasm, rather than outright negation of God...just in case...

•
God is regressive and hostile.

•
God is watching so give him a good show.

•
Is urinating a religious expression? No, it is an expressive religion.

•
Jesus Christ (and underneath in a different hand) Say!
that's a better name than Gunther.

•
Would Christ carry a draft card?

•
Roses are reddish
Violets are bluish
If it weren't for Xmas
We'd all be Jewish.

•
God is dead.

•
God is not dead, he is just very, very sick.

•
God is alive and living in Argentina.

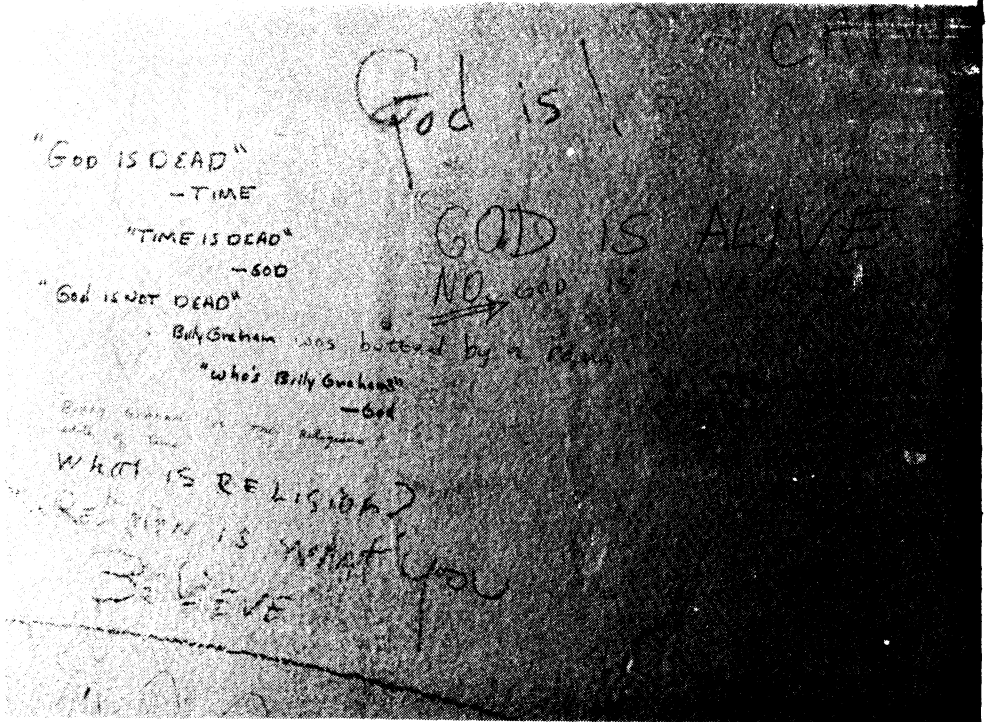
•
God is an atheist.

•
Jesus saves, but Moses invests.

•
Jesus saves S & H Green Stamps.

God is dead.
 — Time.
 Time is dead.
 — God.
 God is not dead.
 — Billy Graham.
 Who is Billy Graham?
 — God.

Limelight Restaurant, 91 Seventh Ave. South, N. Y. C.



God is dead.
 — Time.
 Time is dead.
 — God.
 God and Time are dead.
 — Billy Graham.
 God is Time.
 — Dead

Ladies' room, Lion's Head, 59 Christopher St., N. Y. C.

God is a 6000-foot tall, red jellybean.
Piazza Haven, an inn in Berkeley, Calif.

•

King Kong — he died for our sins.
The Forum Coffee House, Ave. A, N. Y. C.

•

The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away,
the Lord is an Indian giver.

•

God was here.
UNDERNEATH:
I sure was.
— God.
Limelight Restaurant, 91 Seventh Ave. South, N. Y. C.

•

God isn't dead — he just doesn't want to get involved.
Harvard, Lamont Library

•

Billy Graham is the religious editor of Time.
Lion's Head, 59 Christopher St., N. Y. C.

•

Is urinating a religious experience?
UNDERNEATH:
Yes, it is giving of oneself.
UNDERNEATH:
Only in groups.
Ladies' room, Le Metro Caffè Espresso, 149 2nd Ave., N. Y. C.

•

John not Jesus.
Pub in London England. John refers to Beatle Lennon.

•

The death of God is yesterday's story.
Ladies' room, Ninth Circle Restaurant, 139 West 10th St., N. Y. C.

•

Keep the Pope off the moon.
The Rivera, West 4th St., Sheridan Square, N. Y. C.

•

I'm in love with a priest and he's a virgin.
UNDERNEATH:
How did you ever find a rarity like that?

God is dead.

— Nietzsche

Nietzsche is dead.

— God

•

Tomorrow is called off — God.

•

God bless all men who piss this way.

•

God ain't dead, he's just playing possum.

•

Hell is a blast.

E. Liz Taylor loves George Maharis

F So? Justify your own existence!



THE PHILOSOPHERS

Some murky metaphysics, but here you will find much wisdom,
as well. The hip attempts for laughs are sometimes beautifully,
strikingly, painfully true.

•
In an insane world the only sane men are crucified, shot,
jailed or classified as insane themselves.

Le Metro Caffè Espresso, 149 2nd Ave., N. Y. C.

•
Reality is the shifting face of need.

Le Metro Caffè Espresso, 149 2nd Ave., N. Y. C.

•
There are no answers, only mysteries.

Le Metro Caffè Espresso, 149 2nd Ave., N. Y. C.

•
I will believe anything if you can answer this question;
why are there people.

REPLY UNDERNEATH:

Sex.

Ladies' room, Ninth Circle Restaurant, 139 West 10th St., N. Y. C.

•
Divorce fear, you are no more than now.

Paradox Restaurant, 64 East 7th St., N. Y. C.

•
We are all one, unite with outer and inner space.

UNDERNEATH:

Only on the subway.

Paradox Restaurant, 64 East 7th St., N. Y. C.

•
The trouble with the world today is that there are
too many nobodies trying to be Everybody!

Lion's Head, 59 Christopher St., N. Y. C.

•
You've got to be able to stand alone to be worth anything to anyone.

Ladies' room, Lion's Head, 59 Christopher St., N. Y. C.

We are all too much.
Paradox Restaurant, 64 East 7th St., N. Y. C.

•
God, inventor of the unique principle.
Paradox Restaurant, 64 East 7th St., N. Y. C.

•
Think Solux.
*Paradox Restaurant, 64 East 7th St., N. Y. C. Note: If the item
is obscure in meaning, it is because the restaurant's
patrons include a lot of mystics.*

•
Take LSD and see.

•
Reality is a crutch.
Harvard, Lamont Library.

•
If you can keep your head when those about you are losing theirs,
perhaps you've misunderstood the situation.

•
Never be led astray into the paths of virtue.

•
How far *In* can you get before you begin to suspect
someone is putting you on?

•
Death is camp.

•
Death is Nature's way of telling you to slow down.

•
Obey good laws, break bad ones.

•
You are fast becoming what you are going to be.

•
Yang and Yin shall be one.

•
The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom — Crash.

•
The fucking you get is not worth the fucking you take.

•
You can't win except thru ignorance.

•
When in doubt, worry.

To be beat is to be cool.
To be beat-cool is not to be beat.
To be beat-cool and not to be beat is nowhere.
Café Figaro, 186 Bleecker St., N. Y. C., 1966.

Eat drink and be merry for tomorrow you may be radioactive.

Fuck hate.

It is better to be rich and healthy
Than to be poor and sick.

The penis mightier than the sword.

The pen is mightier than the pencil.

This is hipness: Dig going. before staying. means not becoming.

The world is your oyster, so EAT IT!

Never pull off tomorrow what you can pull off today.
Lion's Head, 59 Christopher St., N. Y. C.

Reality is good sometimes for kicks, but don't let it get you down.

I want to be what I was when I wanted to be what I am now.
Ladies' room, Ninth Circle Restaurant, 139 West 10th St., N. Y. C.

More things are wrought by laughter,
Than tears about your late disaster.

More things are wrought by laughter
Than by threats of hereafter.
Lion's Head, 59 Christopher St., N. Y. C.

- A: Verbally justify your own existence.
- B: My existence is contained in my essence.
- C: Cogito ergo sum.
(Coitus ergo sum?)
(Does this mean "all men are fools")
- D: Existence is my essence. Your philosophy shits.
Ladies room, Le Metro Caffè Espresso, 149 2nd Ave., N. Y. C.

I am a non-conformist and I wear a suit.
The Dom, 23 St. Mark's Place, N. Y. C., 1966.

•
The truth is within the saucers.
Engagé Coffee House, 339 East 10th St., N. Y. C.

•
LSD saves!
Forum Coffee House, Avenue A, N. Y. C.

•
God hips those who hip themselves.
Harlem men's room.

•
LSD is the best. Pot and Hatch are the second best.

UNDERNEATH:
I think you mean "hash."
*Ladies' room, Max's Kansas City Restaurant,
213 Park Ave. South, N. Y. C.*

•
Psychedelize suburbia.

•
Happiness is getting here on time.
Men's room, Berkeley, Calif. Beer Hall.

•
I just turned real.
Engagé Coffee House, 339 East 10th St., N. Y. C.

HOMOSEXUAL BILLETS-DOUX

While the homosexual relationship is still a somewhat underground activity, the homosexual will use the wall to make dates and to extoll the "gay" life. Certain walls are so covered with the listings of male names and phone numbers that the sexual climate of the establishment is clear to the most naive heterosexual.

I love men with thick pebble lensed glasses.
London toilet.

Stop the homosexual revolution, wear baggy pants.

My mother made me a homosexual.

REPLY:

If I sent her some wool would she make me one?

Fags are fun.

Fags fornicate.

Faggots are maggots.

Call beautiful blonde at 444 —, if a man answers, it's me.

Fellatio is not a felony, fellas, it is a misdemeanor.

Have gums, will travel.
— The Prairie Fairy

I am cured, I'm not a queer anymore.

My husband really wants a man.
Limelight Restaurant, 91 Seventh Ave. South, N. Y. C.

Minnie Mouse is a giant spade bull-dyke.
*The Forum Coffee House, Ave. A, N. Y. C.,
toilet shared by men and women.*

When I'm reincarnated, I hope I'm Queer. At least the problems
and frustrations will be different from then.
Ladies' room, Lion's Head, 59 Christopher St., N. Y. C.

Call 265-6791 for info re The Mattachine Society — if you're
inquisitive sweetie. I'll tell you everything!
*Lion's Head, 59 Christopher St., N. Y. C. The Mattachine Society
is an organization which is devoted to male homosexuals,
to explain their viewpoints and their rights in society.*

You really should call Larry 888--- p.m.
Mama's Chicken 'n' Rib, Greenwich Ave., N. Y. C.

•
Young and white—Call Bill 222--- .
The Riviera, West 4th St., Sheridan Sq., N. Y. C.

•
Let your fingers do the cruising. (Variant on N. Y. Telephone
Yellow Pages slogan, "Let your fingers do the walking.")
Mama's Chicken 'n' Rib, Greenwich Ave., N. Y. C., 1966

•
Dr. Strangelove or how I learned to love the bum.
London toilet.

•
Nobody loves you when you're young and gay. (Note: I've seen
this as "Nobody loves you when you're old and gay." This is a
parody of the song "There'll be some changes made," in which
the line is "Nobody loves you when you're old and gray.")
Lion's Head, 59 Christopher St., N. Y. C.

•
Young man, well hung, with beautiful body is willing to do anything.
P.S. If you see this Bill don't bother to call, it's only me, Tony.
Howard Johnson's, 415 Sixth Ave., N. Y. C.

•
Go gay and live.
The Riviera, West 4th St., Sheridan Sq., N. Y. C.

LOVE!

... or something ...

The sexual revolution is reflected here. The rather direct advice
given is not new in men's rooms—but its increasing appearance on
the ladies' room wall foretells the complete finish of the double
standard.

Vice is nice, but incest is best.
Ladies' room, Limelight Restaurant, 91 Seventh Ave. South, N.Y.C.

Love thy neighbor but don't get caught.
The Riviera, West 4th St., Sheridan Square, N.Y.C.

If it moves, fondle it.
The Village Gate, Bleecker and Thompson Sts., N.Y.C.

VICE IS NICE
BUT INCEST
IS BEST!

Girls, what do you do when you find your cat with another cat?

REPLY

Let the cats be happy together and find a MAN.

Ladies' room, Limelight Restaurant, 91 Seventh Ave. South, N. Y. C.

•

Think about him, talk about him, but don't go down for him.

Ladies' room, Ninth Circle Restaurant, 139 West 10th St., N. Y. C.

•

Men once they possess, they either throw them away or use
them until they are no good to anyone.

Ladies' room, Ninth Circle Restaurant, 139 West 10th St., N. Y. C.

•

Tea is a groove

and AMT (Amphetamine) is really boss,

LSD is a trip,

Hash is too much, but

being high on love is the most precious because you don't buy it
or con it or substitute.

Ladies' room, Limelight Restaurant, 91 Seventh Ave. South, N. Y. C.

•

LSD = Love - Sex - Dreams

•

The thing most men learn too late — sex is of interest to both sexes.

•

Hurray, hooray, It is the first of May,

Outdoor f---ing starts today.

Ladies' room, Lion's Head, 59 Christopher St., N. Y. C.

•

Chaste makes waste.

•

Candy is dandy but sex won't rot your teeth. (Note: Take-off on
Ogden Nash's "Candy is dandy, but liquor is quicker.")

Ladies' room, Limelight Restaurant, 91 Seventh Ave. South. N. Y. C.

BRAGGADOCIO

Most boasts are written by people who are lonely, who are perhaps unappreciated socially and at work. "See," they are saying, "the world doesn't know what it's missing!"

But true or untrue, silly, sad or sick, the boasts are just begging for a put-down—and get it.

All that I am my mothers made me.

UNDERNEATH:

I made them, too.

Engagé Coffee House, 339 East 10th St., N. Y. C.

•

I am god
thou art god
god is in each of us

— So why do you brag?

Ladies' room, Le Metro Caffè Espresso, 149 2nd Ave., N. Y. C.

•

I have crabs.

Ladies' room, Le Metro Caffè Espresso, 149 2nd Ave., N. Y. C.

•

I've got what every woman wants.

UNDERNEATH:

You must be in the fur coat business.

•

With such violent rage,
Sir John did engage
With the damsel which he laid his leg on,
That his squire, who stood near,
Swore it look'd like the spear
Of St. George in the mouth of the dragon.

(Oxon, in the bog-house.)

*The Merry-Thought; or, the. Glass-Window and
Bog-House Miscellany.*

•

Jack the bartender is a great lay.

Ladies' room, Green Hornet Bar, Greenwich Village, N. Y. C.

Written in the ladies' room by Jack himself as self-advertisement.

TOILET WALL CONFIDENTIAL

Characteristic of these writings are the preposterous and the irreverent. Heroes and heroines are cast in new molds; neighbors are snitched on. And we're lucky enough to be let in on the inside scoop by the rest room columnist who, for compensation, enjoys the secure feeling of being the insider.

•

Mickey Mouse is a homosexual.
Scholtz's Beer Garden, Austin, Texas.

•

Minnie Mouse is a whore.
Scholtz's Beer Garden, Austin, Texas.

•

Snow White is a nigger.
Scholtz's Beer Garden, Austin, Texas.

•

Little Miss Muffett plays with herself.
Scholtz's Beer Garden, Austin, Texas.

•

Flash Gordon is low unintentional camp.

•

Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater,
Pumpkin, pumpkin, Peter eater.

•

Little Jack Horner eats it.

•

Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peckers.

•

Mary Poppins is a junkie.
Various I.R.T. subway toilets, N.Y.C., 1965.

•

Donald Duck is myopic.

Hugh Hefner is a virgin.

J. Edgar Hoover sleeps with a night light.

Oscar eats meat.
*Oscar's Salt of the Sea Seafood Restaurant,
Third Ave. and 68th St., N. Y. C.*

Free Pot . . . TH 5-8000 Ext. 201 (That is the Berkeley
Police Dept., Vice Squad.)
The Meditarranium, a Berkeley trattoria.

Tom Siegal knocked my friend up. (Mr. Siegal is a real person
who changed his name because it was written in so many
graffiti on the East Side.)
Engagé Coffee House, 339 East 10th St., N. Y. C.

It's really true what they say about Tom Clancy.
Ladies' room.

I was a pseudo Bohemian for the FBI.
Café Figaro, 186 Bleecker St., N. Y. C.

George Metesky is alive and in the White House.
(Metesky was the "mad bomber" who plagued New York with
his vindictive rampage against Con Edison several years ago.)
Stanley's Bar, Ave. B and 12th St., 1966.

Emmett Kelly is a Negro in whiteface.
Ladies' room, Le Metro Caffè Espresso, 149 2nd Ave., N. Y. C.

Ronald Reagan eats peanut butter.

Lum Fong was here.
UNDERNEATH:
Ah! So!

Will you feel safer with George Hamilton in the army?

Batman is a junky.
Lion's Head, 59 Christopher St., N. Y. C.

•

Wonder Woman takes it in the nose.
UNDERNEATH:
No wonder.

•

Mandrake lives!
Limelight Restaurant, 91 Seventh Ave. South, N. Y. C.

•

Phil Attio loves Connie Lingus.
Phoenix, Arizona, restaurant.

•

Nat Hentoff is a Protestant.
Half Note, a jazz club at 296 Spring St., N. Y. C.

•

Dave Bromberg is more fun than a National Park.
Ladies' room, Café Figaro, Greenwich Village, N. Y. C.

•

Pinkey Lee is secretly alive in Argentina.
Ladies' room, Café Figaro, 186 Bleecker St., N. Y. C.

•

Ray Milland was here.
UNDERNEATH:
So was Fergie.
P. J. Clarke's Bar, Third Ave. and 55th St., N. Y. C.

•

Tom Siegal is no longer a virgin.
Engagé Coffee House, 339 East 10th St., N. Y. C.

•

Quinn is in — when in Minneapolis he can be found at the Triangle.
Lion's Head, 59 Christopher St., N. Y. C.

THE WALL AS MEMORIAL

Wall posters are big business today: Illya, Chaplin, Beatles, Brando, Belmondo, Batman. And Bogart, biggest of all. Somewhere, if not on *lavatory* walls, people are crayoning, lipsticking, chalking "*Bogey Lives.*" A culture hero that inspires the affirmation of immortality.

Though such inscriptions may be many, this section is short: the members of the cults tend to choose less lowly walls for their tributes. What you find more often on the rest room wall is the whimsical parody of the sincere memorial.

•

Peter Lorre lives.

•

Lenny Bruce spoke the truth and truth died of a heart attack.

*Ladies' room, Max's Kansas City Restaurant,
213 Park Ave. South, N. Y. C.*

•

Lenny Bruce died of an overdose of police morphine.

UNDERNEATH:

He died of shit.

*Ladies' room, Max's Kansas City Restaurant,
213 Park Ave. South, N. Y. C.*

•

Lenny Bruce was the great one, believe me girls.

*Ladies' room, Max's Kansas City Restaurant,
213 Park Ave. South, N. Y. C.*

•

Bird lives!

•

Birdland lives!

(Note: *Birdland*, now defunct, was named after Charlie "Bird" Parker, so this inscription is a tribute to him.)

Buddy Holly lives. (He was a rock 'n' roll star
who died in a plane crash.)

•

Vogel lives!
Stanley's Bar. Ave. B and 12th St., N. Y. C.
"Vogel" is German for "bird."

•

Lynda Bird lives! (Variation on the Bird Legend.)

•

Frodo lives.

WISHES, YEARNINGS, DESIRES . . .

The toilet wall now plays the analyst surrogate. The person cannot tell these desires to anyone for fear of eliciting shock or condemnation, some sort of value judgment. The analyst or the wall says nothing.

•

Who will save his used French letters and let me have them?
London toilet.

•

If I had a wish I would wish that people would
stop eating each other's brains out.
Ladies' room, Limelight Restaurant,
91 Seventh Ave. South, N. Y. C. 1965.

Please don't let me be pregnant.

*Ladies' room, Ninth Circle Restaurant,
139 West 10th St., N. Y. C., 1965*

•

I am 33 years old, I love John Lennon. I wish I had
eyebrows like Paul McCartney.

*Ladies' room, Ninth Circle Restaurant,
139 West 10th St., N. Y. C., 1965*

•

I wish I had the urge to make love (or the nerve)

SECOND HAND:

tsk tsk

•

Master needs slave call 333-----.

•

Slave needs master — call 333-----.

•

I wish, I wish, I wish in vain
That I could be a child again.

Ladies' room, The Old Spaghetti Factory, San Francisco, Calif.

•



Ladies' room, Lion's Head, 59 Christopher St., N. Y. C.

•

Not here, that's it, there, Vassar! Vassar! Vassar!

Ladies' room.

•

I wish I could come back as a bug, to bite an ass.

Le Metro Caffé Espresso, 149 2nd Ave., N. Y. C.

•

Stop the world, I want to get off.

(Appeared on several toilet walls long before Anthony Newley
used it as the title of his musical.)

DEMANDS AND DIRECTIVES

Here we have fervent outcries. When the letters to the editor are ignored—when one's mate will not listen—when all avenues of officialdom are blocked, you're too lazy to picket and have already burned your draft card—there's still the wall left for protest.

•
Release Oscar Wilde.

*Ladies' room, Limelight Restaurant, 91 Seventh Ave.
South, N. Y. C., 1965.*

•
Acquit Socrates.

•
Use erogenous zone numbers!

•
Ecrassez les infames fraternités — Voltaire. That is, wipe out
the fraternity system.

Men's room, University of Colorado campus.

•
Death to the penis invasion. (The meaning of this phrase
puzzled people for years.)

Julius Restaurant, West 12th St., N. Y. C., 1950.

•
Save your seeds!

Engagé Coffee House, 339 East 10th St., N. Y. C.

•
Unleash Tom Leary.

Lion's Head, 59 Christopher St., N. Y. C.

•
If you shit here, eat here

We don't just want the tail end of your business.

Legend put in some diners' rest-rooms by the management.

•
Abolish marriage!

legalize pot!
legalize heroin!
legalize outlaws!
legalize me!
and legalization.

*Ladies' room, Limelight Restaurant,
91 Seventh Ave. South., N. Y. C.*

•

Down with macrobiotics! (*Note: Paradox specializes
in macrobiotic foods.*)

*Paradox Restaurant, 64 East Seventh St., N. Y. C.;
co-educational john.*

•

Revive fertility rites.

The Village Gate, Bleecker and Thompson Sts., N. Y. C.

•

Take sex, religion and politics out of the john.
Engagé Coffee House, 339 East 10th St., N. Y. C.

•

McDougal teeny boppers evaporate! (please)
Engagé Coffee House, 339 East 10th St., N. Y. C.

•

Save water, don't be a four flusher.

•

Judge Crater — please call your office.

•

Daisies of the world unite, you have nothing
to lose but your chains.

Ladies' room.

•

Smile, You're on Candid Camera.

*Ladies' room, Unemployment Insurance Office,
Remsen St., Brooklyn.*

MISCELLANEOUS VERSE

The sex life of a camel is stranger than anyone thinks,
For in moments of amorous passion he's been known to make love
to the Sphinx.

But the Sphinx's posterior channel has been closed by the sands
of the Nile,

Which accounts for the hump on the camel's back and the Sphinx's
perpetual smile.

Quite common in England and has been set to music.

VARIATION:

Oh, the sexual life of a camel is stranger than anyone thinks;
In the height of the mating season it tried to bugger the Sphinx.
But the Sphinx's celestial orifice was blocked by the sands
of the Nile,

Which accounts for the hump on the camel and the Sphinx's
inscrutable smile.

Some girls have watches of gold,
Some girls have watches of brass,
My girl hasn't any watches at all,
The movement is in her ass.

He who hints
For a blintz
Gets his wish
With a knish.
A pox on your lox;
I'll inveigle
A bagel.

When adam was a
small lad before
paper was invented
he wiped his ass on
a tuft of grass & went
away contented.

*Banff, Alberta. August 2, 1928**

*Allen Walker Read, *Lexical Evidence from Folk Epigraphy* (Paris, 1935)

In days of old, when knights were bold.
And toilet seats were not invented
They would drop their load on the side of the road.
And walk away contented.

White Whale Coffee House, N. Y. C., no longer in business.

Oh father, oh father I've come to confess
I've just left a girl in a terrible mess.
Her blouse is all tattered, her tits all bare.
And there's a lump in her belly that shouldn't be there.

Oh son, oh son with you I am vexed
When I was your age I used a Durex.

Oh father, oh father don't be unjust
I used one too, but the bloody thing bust.

Toilet wall in London.

Neurosis is red
Melancholia is blue
I'm schizophrenic
What are you?

Lion's Head, 59 Christopher St., N. Y. C.

Sam, Sam, the janitor man
Chief superintendent of the crapping can.
He washes out the bowls and picks up the towels
And listens to the roar of other men's bowels.

I know that I can never see
Completely through your mind
For you have strangers in your life
And I have friends in mine.

Paradox Restaurant, 64 East 7th St., N. Y. C.

THOSE OAKIES ARE A FUNNY BUNCH
WHAT WE CALL PUSSY THEY CALL LUNCH

Le Metro Caffé Espresso, 149 2nd Ave., N. Y. C.

MISCELLANEOUS MISSIVES

Up your lazy river.

The Village Gate, Bleecker and Thompson Sts., N. Y. C.

I love grils

UNDERNEATH THIS SOMEONE WROTE:

It's spelled girls

TO WHICH SOMEONE REPLIED:

What about us grils.

And they say Pepsi is the pause that refreshes.

I'll cut you in Zen pieces.

Greenwich Village has moved to Williamsburgh.

I cover the waterfront.

Welche Ähnlichkeit zwischen Abort und Bankgeschäft? — Im Abort
Krachts, dann fallen die Papiere; beim Bankegeschäft
ists umgekehrt. (Nimbsch i. Schles)
Anthropophyteia, vol. 4, 1907.

TRANSLATION:

What similarity is there between a toilet and a bank business? In
the toilet you get a crash and then the papers fall; in the
bank it is the other way around.

•

Texas T shirts. (Written on a receptacle that
contained toilet seat covers.)
Bathroom in Dallas, Texas.

•

I feel like a factory reject of the Dodge rebellion. (Note: A very
common type of wall writing is a variation
of a current advertising slogan.)
Engagé Coffee House, 339 East 10th St., N. Y. C.

•

Long live the Cisco Kid.
Engagé Coffee House, 339 East 10th St., N. Y. C.

•

Mary, I knew you'd come in — Sue.

•

A toast to a German virgin — Goesintight!!!

•

Pigs ate my roses.

•

Come on over to the S and M side. (S and M standing
for sadism and masochism.)

•

I was not here.

•

I no come,
She no come,
Baby come,
How come?

N. Y. Garment Center bathroom.

•

The eye follows a list of obscenities in the stall and the last
one reads: You are now shitting at a 45 degree angle.

Subways will be stricken.
"55" Bar, 55 Christopher St., N. Y. C.

•
Beatniks are worthless.
UNDERNEATH:
Your attitude is worthless.

UNDERNEATH:
Beatniks have been extinct since 1960. Where have you been?

UNDERNEATH:
How do you spell beetnick?
Forum Coffee House, Ave. A, N. Y. C.

•
It's banal to be anal, but far worse when
you're polymorphous-perverse.
Ladies' room, Max's Kansas City Restaurant,
213 Park Ave. South, N. Y. C.

•
You can wiggle, jiggle, jump or dance.
But the last three drops go down your pants.

•
No matter how you dance and prance
The last two drops go down your pants.

•
You can shake and shake as much as you please
But there'll still be a drop for your B.V.D.s.

•
However hard you shake your peg
At least one drop runs down your leg. (Note: British version.)

•
I am here and you isn't
Now you is here and I isn't.
Ladies' room, Limelight Restaurant, 91 Seventh Ave. South, N. Y. C.

•
Fuck complacency.
The Village Gate, Bleecker and Thompson Sts., N. Y. C.

•
This mirror is a liar. (Red crayon inscription on mirror.)

•
La Femme c'est comme le cochon Woman is like a pig,
Tous les morceaux sont bons, All the parts are good,
Ça se dévotte à toutes les sauces. It goes well with all sauces.
Paris cafe, St. Germain, 1966.

Think ethnic.
Blimpie's, 6th Ave. and 11th St., N. Y. C.

•
SCRAWL FOUND ON A CONTRACEPTIVE VENDING
MACHINE IN U.S. ARMY TOILET:
This gum tastes just like rubber.

•
Fuck home cooking.
Four Seasons Restaurant, N. Y. C.

•
ON A PROPHYLACTIC MACHINE:
Odorless — Tasteless
Safe to eat
Stainless on teeth
Official Highway Patrolman Uniform
Viking Lounge, 155 W. Camelback Rd., Phoenix, Ariz., 1965.

•
ON A PROPHYLACTIC MACHINE:
It takes the worry out of being close. (Take-off
on Ban deodorant ad.)
Shafter, Nevada, rest room.

•
WRITTEN ON THE CEILING:
Why are you looking up here, are you ashamed of it?
UNDERNEATH:
No, but neither am I obsessed with it.

•
The water closet like the harp is essentially — a solo instrument.
Ladies' room, Blind Lemon pub, Berkeley, Calif.

•
This is the pause that refreshes.
Written on the doors of many toilets.

•
A green beret is a Girl Scout hat, especially if you're a Brownie.
Ladies' room, Lion's Head, 59 Christopher St., N. Y. C.

•
Pot is a hobby not a habit.
*Ladies' room, Max's Kansas City Restaurant,
213 Park Ave. South, N. Y. C.*

PSEUDO GRAFFITI

There are some writings found on toilet walls which should not be there. They cannot be called graffiti in the pure sense. These are contrived one-line gags or jokes that the writer has heard. They do not reflect the special surrealistic, imaginative qualities of the best toilet writings, and are of no use to the serious student of graffiti. They tell us nothing about the writer — except that he may be a frustrated comedian. The following are examples of wall scrawls that really deface.

•

Little Red Riding Hood in woods meets big bad wolf. He says,
“Ha, ha, ha, I have big teeth to eat you with,” “Eat! Eat!

Eat! doesn't anyone want to fuck anymore?”

Ladies' room, Lion's Head, 59 Christopher St., N. Y. C.

•

The difference between “stick-up” and “hold-up” is age.

•

Do mountain men keep mountin' women?

•

Is grape-nuts a venereal disease?

•

Some guys like tall girls, but I go for little lasses.

•

To find out if a girl is ticklish, give her a couple of test tickles.

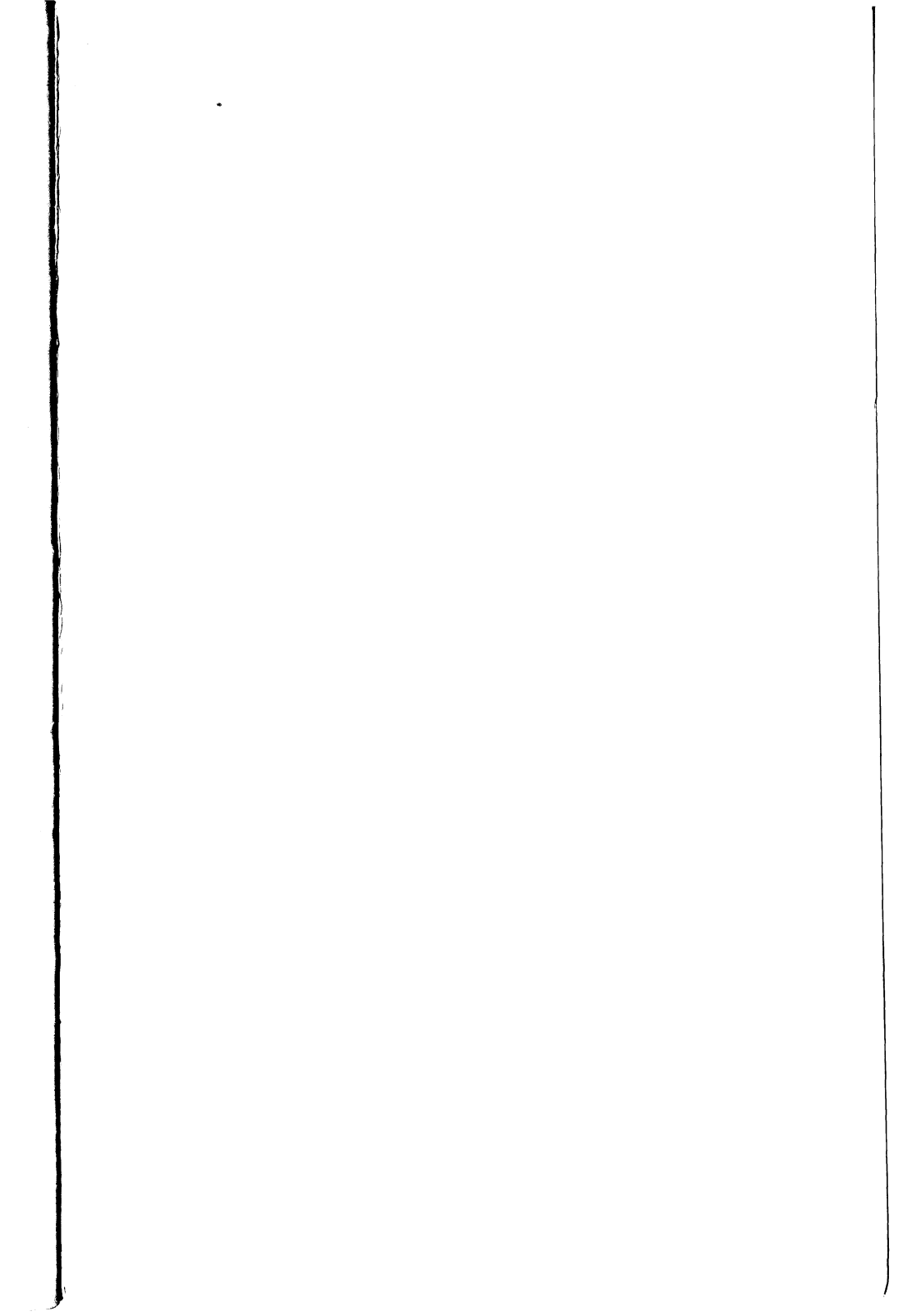
•

I believe in capital punishment, but I don't think
women should be hung like men.

•

Thanks, I enjoyed every inch of it.

Mae West.



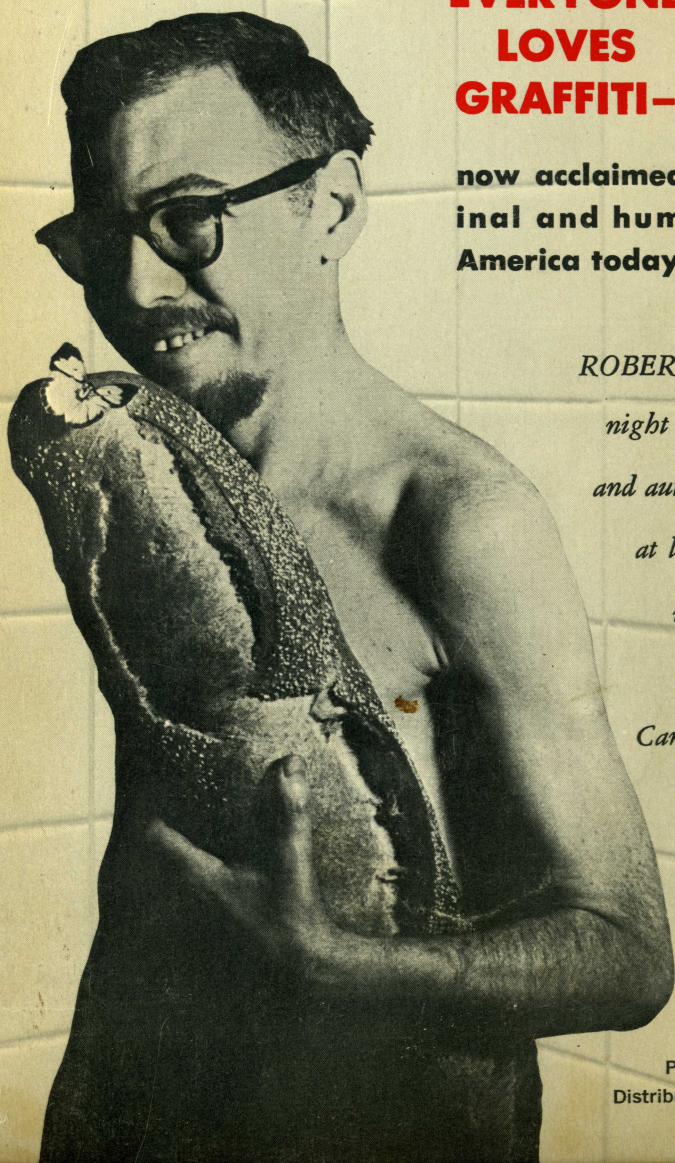
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